Woman's Intimate Province—Daily Hint of Fashion THE LITERARY WORLD AT

PRESERVE THE YOUNGSTER FROM THE ROLLO TYPE OF FICTION

A Taste for Good Reading Can Easily Be Cultivated in the Child by a Little Judicious Selection—and Elimination

IF THERE are no children in the immediate family and yet many small cousins, nephews and "sich," it is often rather difficult to make a good selection of reading matter for them.

Thank goodness, the little Rollo stories, the Elaie books and their ilk have gone out. Boys and girls these days are quite knowing, and require or should be given literature that is really, worth while.

If we have not kept up with children's reading we are at a loss to know what are the successors of "Little Men" and "Little Women" and just which books will be not only entertaining, but character molding.

Many mothers do not realize the value of the child classics for even tiny tots of four or five. Before they themselves begin to read they will be immensely interested in these tales if read to them during the long afternoon or just before

they are put to bed. Poor indeed is the child who is deprived of the joys of hearing Mother osa tales and folk stories-nothing in his later life can supply that loss.

When his literary education is begun with Andersen's "Fairy Tales," Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" and books of this calibre, his tasts will naturally turn from these to the children's "Shakespeare," to Dickens's "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield," his "Christmas Carol" to Washington Irving and other writers of similar standing.

Then, too, melodious rhymes, like those of "Mother Goose," give him a sense of ryhthm that will enable him in later years

to appreciate the poets. In the public libraries a list of books suitable for children of all ages can usually be found, and are up to date. Or the librarian can be consulted. Then one can sally forth, list in hand, or, better still, mail it to one of the shops. This will insure better service than can be found by a personal shopping tour during these last busy days before Christmas.

What Madge Saw in the Girl Dicky Raved Over So Enthusiastically I'd like to get a glimpes of her hands and feet. Perhaps she will sit near us in the train. If she does, I promise you I am going to stare at her uninerelfully."

I tried to think of something to say which would not betray my resentment at his open admiration of this girl. But no words came to my mind. I saw, however, that it did not matter. Dicky would not have heard anything I said anyway. He was too absorbed in studying the girl. Nine-tenths of the men in the station were doing the same filing.

Most of the women were looking at her also, some with hostile glances, others with a critical survey, while a few were honestly admiring her.

I had to admit that her clothes alone were well worth looking at. Either she, or some were her had coredulty designed.

MY MARRIED LIFE

We were spend Dicky and We were seared, Dicky and I, in the waiting room of the Long Island Rati-road. Dicky had bought our tickets to Mar-vis, the little village which was to be the starting point of our country ramble, and we were putting in the time before our train was ready in gazing at the usual morning scene in a railroad station.

There were not many passengers going out to the stations on the island, but scores of commuters were burrying through the station on their way to their offices and other places of employment.

"You don't see many of the commuters up here." Dicky remarked. "There's a passage direct from the trains to the subway on the lower level, and most of them take that. Some of the women come up to prink a bit in the waiting room, and some of the men come through here to get cigars or papers, but the big crowd is down on the main train level."

main train level."
"Do you notice how contented and healthy most of them look?" I saked.
"It's a different looking set from the ordinary city crowd," Dicky acquiesced, idly. "Of course, they are healthler. They live more regular lives and have plenty of fresh sir. But not for me in the winter time. Too deadly dull, and if you want to come into town it takes a year or two to set in and back. But in the summer time, when you only have to get in once or twice a week, it's the only life."

I hardly heard him, for I was so in-

I hardly heard him, for I was so in-terested in a girl who had just come into the waiting room. I had never seen so self-possessed a creature in my life. was unusually beautiful, with golden hair that was so real the most captious person could not suspect that hair of being dyed. Her eyes were dark, and the unusual combination of eyes and hair fitted a face with regular features and a fair skin. I had seen Christmas and Easter cards with faces like hers. But I had never seen any one like her in real life, and I am afraid I stared at her as hard as did every

one else in the waiting room.
"By Jove" Dicky drew in a deep breath. "Isn't she the most ripping beauty you ever saw?" His eyes were following her lithe, perfect figure as she walked down the waiting room. I have never seen a pretty girl appear so utterly unconscious of the glances

directed toward her as she did. But with a woman's intuition I knew hat underneath her calm exterior she was noticing and appraising every admiring look she received. I could not have told how I knew this but I did know it. She sat down a little distance from us.

and Dicky frankly turned quite around

"I wonder if she is going on our train," he mused. "By George, I never saw anything like her in my life."

I looked at him in open amazement, tinged not a little with resentment. He was with me, his bride of less than a month, for our first day's cutter since month, for our first day's outling since our marriage, and yet his eyes were fol-lowing this other woman with the most open admiration. I felt hurt, neglected, but I was determined he should not think

WHAT SHE WORK

ALLIES' FAIRY BOOK LEADS XMAS VOLUMES FOR THE CHILDREN

Edmund Gosse Edits Novel and Charming Collection of Folk Tales From a Dozen Nations

BOOKS FOR THE KIDDIES

THE ALLIES FAIRT BOOK. Introduction by Edmund Gosse. Blustrations in color by Arthur Enckham. J. B. Lippincot Company. Philadelphia.

Philadelphia.

Christmas is a merry time, and so the first temptation presented by "The Aliles' Fairy Book" is to ask if it contains appropriately legendary material concerning the victory of the Fourieen over the Four-Perhaps the selection of the story of "Jack the Giant Killer" covers that matter. But there is a greater temptation etili in this new Lippincott volume, and that is to wax absurdly lyrical about the work of Edmund Gosse, as editor, and Arthur Rackman, as illustrator, and to hall this as "the" to wax absurdly bylical about the work of Edmund Gosse, as editor, and Arthur Rackman, as illustrator, and to hall this as "the" gift book of the season. Certainly the collection itself merits the highest interest, it concludes "Jack" from the English; from the Welsh, "Liudd and Lievelys"; from the Scotch, "The Battle of the Birds'; from the Irish, "Gulessh"; from the French, "The Sleeping Beauty"; from the Italian, "Cessarino and the Dragon"; from the Italian, "Cessarino and the Dragon"; from the Japanese, "Frost"; from the Portuguese, "What Came of Picking Flowers"; from the Japanese, "The Adventures of Little Peaching," 'The Fox's Wedding' and 'The Tongue-Cut Sparrow"; from the Serbian, "The Golden Apple Tree" and the "Nine Peahens," and from the Belgian, "The Last Adventure of Thyl Ulenspiegel."

The illustrations are what Rackham illustrations always are—a joy of color and

ustrations always are-a joy of color and

Will Bradley, poster artist, type au-thority, former art director of the Century Magazine and dabbier in the movies, comes forward with a pleasing book for children. "Wonder-Box Stories." Noodisburg is the capital of this land of play and adventure, and princes and princesnes, golden caskets, poor lads, selfish brothers, elves and fairies, glants and witches and magical castles furnish the merriment. Mr. Bradley has litustrated the book as pleasingly as he has written it. Noodleburg is the

From Houghton-Mifflin, of Boston, comes a book of Will Pogany's most vivid and delightful pictures, many in color. It is "Stories to Tell the Little Ones," and it supplies the desperate mother with tales, finger plays and songs that ought to keep the child, whether two or six years old, mentally hand. husy and spiritually happy. It is just one more of the remarkably fine books which the Twentieth Century has learned to make for the blessed habitues of the nursery.

"Jane Stuart, Comrade," by Grace M. "Jane Stuart, Comrade, by Grace M. Remick (Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia), is the fourth volume of the popular Jane Stuart stories, which are a delight to girls from twelve to sixteen. Patricia had lots of money and this bred "Valley Stream, Lynbrook, Long Beach, Rockville Center, Patchogue, way stations Babiyon, Express to Jameley"

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SOME TALES TOLD OF YOUNG PEOPLE

Boys and Girls Provide Themes for Authors' Fancy in Month's Volumes

MARK TIDD'S CITADEL: By Clarence Budling ton Kelland. Harper & Brothers, New York. There are Huck Finns and Penrods and William Baxters, and then, again, there is Mark Tidd. The differentiation, placing Master Tidd in a class by himself, is justiflable, inasmuch as Master Tidd is one of those characters created by the imagination and never found in real life. His reemblance, likewise those of his companions to the red-blooded, mud-smeared boys of Twain and Tarkington, rests solely with a stutter and a pair of pants. As a book for boys it is a triffe better than Frank Merriwell, and its being issued by the house of Harper assures a certain prestige among a certain class. Just why Mr Kelland, who a certain class. Just why Mr. Kelland, who reached quite a few fine points in "Sudden Jim," should do this sort of writing, is not clear.

Juvenile Ethics

CAPTAIN PAIR AND SQUARS: By William Hayliger, D. Appleton & Co., New York, William Heylinger has added another exselient book for boys to the number already in the hands of his youthful readers. "Cap-tain Fair and Square" is a story that will appeal to every boy who has played the national game. Buddy Jones, captain of the Fairview High School baseball nine, is the center of the tale, and his refusal to par-ticipated in "crooked" athletics ultimately brings him the flaudits deserved.

Fairbanks, Attention! LOVERS' KNOTS: By Ellzabeth Jordan. Har-per & Brothers, New York.

Lovers' knots, fourteen of them, or, rather, this number of short stories of youthful love, covering virtually every phase of lovemaking. Of course, it would be impossible to catalogue all of them, but Elizabeth Jordan has managed to write this number of delightful stories in her latest book. She has confined her characters to those found in what is termed our upper class, when the opposite branch of our "so-ciety" can supply such a wealth of ma-terial. Possibly this is to be used in a future book. There is the nucleus of a num-her of good scenarios for Douglas Fair-banks, Anita Stewart and other types of representative players afforded.

Adventure's Spirit

MEN. WOMEN AND GUNS: By "Sapper. George H. Doran Company, New York. Under the charm of anonymity which at-aches to the modest military man who in

"afichael Caseldy, Sergeant," not succeeded in keeping the personal den and at the same time set the public on edge as to the authorial engaging work, is published a serial touched with gentleness and any humor of brave men, the sympathy women—whose lives are twisted a denly, changed as utterly, as the wire of the trenches under the major the guns in the hands of relections. There are about a dozen short work have no connection other than the major that the major to do with individuals of the major to do the the connection of the Utanic struggle other aids of the Atlantic.

Adventure of the bloodstirring

Adventure of the Milantic.

Adventure of the bloodstirring sent from he wift and freed from the con of everyday life—these are compressor "Sapper's" collection of actual farm not facts, then the creations of as is tion that must have had its inselant the school of reality. The literary distribution of the school of reality. The literary distribution with the school of reality. The literary distribution of the school of

Human Issues

THE OLD BLOOD. By Present to Dodd, Mend & Co., New York.

Descriptive writings on the great pean condict by the author of "My the Great War." "The Last Shor' numerable newspaper articles and cessays have given Mr. Palmer a fresh among the army of correspondes have been brought into close contact the world-rocking catastrophs. Unperhaps, as the presenter of subsets. the world-rocking catastrophs. Use perhaps, as the presenter of authent matic and sympathetic portrayals of General Sherman is accredited with graphically delineated in a single sauthor of "The Old Blood" has arrovel of undoubted power and heterest. He quaintly asks in the paragraph of his very first chapter another story teller might not har ferred to call his book "The Plain Go by some equally definite title, for a working out of his narrative it is to beautiful one of two charming sizes emerges from the crucible of war refined metal in which there is no of alloy.

of alloy. A novel pre-eminently of human wand of human issues is "The Old Earth ancestral strain of its here, a parthorough-going American, prompts is cast his lot with those found when the county is the cast his county is the cast and his course." cast his lot with those found when fighting is thickest, and his courage is culated to set a-tingle the blood of reader. There are several vivid west tures of hattle scenes that bear the se of having been limned in the brain of actual observer of war in all its his ugliness, which, while it horrifles, positive power to fascinate.

Harper & Bros. announce that they but to press for reprintings the follow books: "The Border Legion," by Groy: "Rainbow's End," by Rex Bar "Acres of Diamonds," by Russell Howell: "Ben Hur," by Lew Wallac, "Huckleberry Finn." "A Connectical blee at the Court of King Arthur," American Claimant." and "The Risse American Claimant," and "The \$39,000 quest," by Mark Twain.

\$1.25 net

\$1.40 net

\$1.35 net

Scribner Holiday Books Among the Public Ledger's Best Hundred Books

Poems by Alan Seeger With an Introduction by WILLIAM ARCHER.

The Melancholy Tale of "Me"; My Remembrances By E. H. SOTHERN. Illustrated.

With Americans of Past and Present Days By J. J. JUSSERAND, the French Ambassador to the United States and Dean of the Diplomatic \$1.50 net

General Joffre and His Battles By RAYMOND RECOULY (Captain X). With Map.

A Book About the Theatre By BRANDER MATTHEWS. Illustrated. \$2,50 net

The Passing of the Great Race By MADISON GRANT, with a Foreword by Henry

Fairfield Osborn. With Maps. The Black Arrow

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Illustrated in Color by N. C. Wyeth.

By EDITH WHARTON.

Bonnie May By LOUIS DODGE. Illustrated.

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naughty deeds; worry when from grace I rashly Fall, If my conscience can't get on the job in time wish it wouldn't bother me at all THAT a woman can combine the do-I mestic virtues with public welfare work is demonstrated daily by the titled women of England, many of whom take an intense personal interest not only, in their households and in the well-being of the tenantry, but in big questions before the nation. Lady Rosalind Carlisle, who recently caused such a sensation by having more than one thousand bottles of wine, the contents of the cellars on the estate of her late husband, the Earl of Carlisle, emptied into a hole in the ground, belongs

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

cant enjoy my many

In addition to her pronounced views on the temperance question, she has taken the stump in the cause of suffrage, and is a stanch Liberal, although the Earl belonged to the Conservative party. Their large family-eleven children-is

proof of their domestic felicity. It is said the sons all grew up as Conservatives, while the daughters espoused the cause of the Liberals.

This energetic woman is a skilled farmer, and personally superintends the workmen she employs, riding all over the country, and becoming acquainted with every man, weman and child for miles around.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE A questions submitted to this department must be written - one side of signed with the price of the series. Recoid respect the blossoms, so exquisitely fashloned as to appear real, scattered carelessly around the brim. The brown of the fur was like the brown of her eyes, while the daring color of the velvet and the flowers vivilled her

I had to admit that her clothes alone were well worth looking at. Either she, or some one for her, had carefully designed them with but one thought, that they should suit her. She was so very blonde in hair and skin, so regular of feature that she really would have been lacking in color except for her clothes.

But the small hat that sat so prettly upon her head would have brightened an absolutely coloriess woman. It was made of cerise velvet with a hand of brown fur resting against her fair hair, and geranium blossoms, so exquisitely fashioned as to

HOW MADGE KNEW Her gown was a tight-fitting, severe, one-plece gown of velvet, of a blue so dark as to be nearly black. The neck was cut in the "V" to be found in almost every gown, and there were touches of the same cerise velvet that her hat held in the piping of the bodice and sleeves.

Her coat was a handsome one of ponyskin, long and fitting her like a glove. I mentally appraised it as having cost more money in itself than every article I had on, furs and all. When I first looked at her I thought her

When I first looked at her I thought her to be a woman of wealth. But a more careful scrutiny told me that her clothes were two or three years old, carefully made over and disguised. Long years of furning and twisting my own wardrobe, for I am a fairly good needlewoman, betrayed to me the secrets of this other woman's makeshifts.

She had made her that the secrets of the secrets of the secrets of this other woman's makeshifts.

She had made her hat herself. I was She had made her hat herself. I was sure of it, and there was a place in one of the breadths of her skirt showing where the material had been pieced. That breadth teld me the story of the gown. It was an eld one ripped and sponged and pressed and made up again. Then the sleeves of the porty coat had been made over. I could not be a difference of cut at the wrists see where a difference of cut at the wrists and collar had been hidden by hands of the same fur which formed the foundation of her hat.

I had a sudden sympathy for the sirl I had a sudden sympathy for the girl.

She was making a gallant fight against bad luck. From the texture of her clothing one could see that not very long ago she had been possessed of money. I wondered

how she had lost it.

The train announcer came into the room calling the stations of the train which was

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